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hand or foolishly sanguine on the other, we may wish the young ruler of Russia "God-speed" in his difficult undertaking. "Boys," said General Sherman to a corps of cadets, "they tell you that war is all glory. But let me tell you it is all hell." The man who can persuade the nations to take the first step in the abatement of hell will be crowned with immortal honor, and win a conspicuous place in the list of those who have conferred lasting benefits on humanity.

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COSMOPOLITAN DUTIES.

THERE can be no doubt that cosmopolitan duties do actually enter into men's lives. Not only does private international law recognize in foreigners rights that impose corresponding duties upon the citizens of the country that receives them; many of us go far beyond this. We act towards foreigners in the ordinary intercourse of society, whether we be their hosts in our own country or their guests in theirs, not otherwise than towards our own people, if indeed we be not (some certainly are) all the more scrupulous in the observance towards them of the obligations and the courtesies of life.

Still loftier ground is taken by much of the current and even trite language of religion. "Children of a common Father," "sons of God," "men for whom Christ died," "heirs of salvation,"—these are among the phrases that suggest ties sacred in their obligation and wider far than those of nationality. And if there be cynics to say that these are but big words, the religious world has its answer: it can point to missions (religious, not diplomatic) and to the work, the outlay, the heroism bestowed often upon the most benighted and distant of barbarians. Even authors whom one might not suspect of cosmopolitanism have at times their proselytizing aspirations, and, if only they could induce all mankind to read their works, would gladly write for the universe. Nor, in a land like our

own, has there been any lack of a cosmopolitanism very practical indeed. Money has freely flowed to relieve calamities in other countries; organized effort has given itself—and not in vain—to the freeing of the slave, and to the protection of the aborigines of savage or semi-savage territories. War itself, which might well seem the death of cosmopolitanism, does but disclose it in a new vitality, and this not only in that humanity to wounded or captured enemies which helps to redeem the horrors of battle-fields, but even in formal declaration that, though killing must needs come, it must be done as humanely as the high development of the science of projectiles permits.

And yet, when all is said, the amount of fact to which it is possible to point is comparatively meagre. Moreover, even when fact cannot be ignored, it is, in some quarters, flouted. For there are those in whose eyes cosmopolitan duties are but cosmopolitan illusions, and cosmopolitan profession a thing suspect. "Homicide philanthropy" is Burke's description of French fraternity. "Lover of his kind and hater of his kindred" is his bitter epigram upon Rousseau. "Friend of man, and enemy of every man he met," is Carlyle's verdict on the elder Mirabeau. Language reflects this spirit. Who would covet to be called "humanitarian" or "philanthropist"? Nor can we blink the fact that apathy to the sufferings of distant and especially of savage peoples is the rule, and that international and inter-racial hatreds are writ large on the face of the world.*

Deplorable these facts may be. But by the believer in cosmopolitan duties they need not be deplored. They put him on his defence. The very paucity of facts to which he can

* "What a well-informed writer," says Mr. H. Sidgwick, . . . "calls 'the wretched details of the ferocity and treachery which have marked the conduct of civilized men in their relations with savages' form one of the most painful chapters in modern history."—"Elements of Politics," 309

Even the philosopher of Sympathy is far from reassuring. For though he waxes eloquent on universal benevolence, he is constrained to add, "The administration of the great system of the universe, however, the care of the universal happiness of all rational and sensible beings, is the business of God, and not of man."—ADAM SMITH, Part VI.

appeal; the very flouts and scoffs that would discredit them,—these do but press home the question if, such as they are, they admit of theoretical justification. There was a time when men sat loose to their duties to slaves, to incurables, to sickly or deformed children. Few would repudiate these duties now. Time has proved that their first feeble recognition was but the earnest of more. So here. Could we but once assure ourselves that cosmopolitan duties, however tentative, however sporadic their recognition, do actually root themselves in what is human and reasonable, we might be patient with comparatively small beginnings because we might see in them great or at least greater endings. Indeed, as T. H. Green asserts, turning the tables on the men of facts, “It is rather the retardation of the theory (of cosmopolitan duty) that the historian has to explain.” He has reason on his side. For, so far are cosmopolitan duties from being illusions, that we cannot repudiate them without laying the axe at the root of these more familiar duties which none of us dare repudiate. If we can justify our duties to our neighbor we can justify, on precisely similar ultimate grounds, our duties to a savage. And if we have no justification of our duties to the savage, then will our duties to our neighbor lose the very corner-stone of their authority.

For there are here two things that must, in thought, be forever kept distinct. One is the manner in which, from place to place and time to time, the duties of men are articulated. This varies. It varies endlessly with the conditions of national life and idiosyncrasy. The other—the grounds upon which there are any duties at all to articulate. These are not various. These do not change from country to country. They exist wherever there are men. If anything be absolute, they are. This may be clearer if we ask at once *what these grounds are*.

Suppose, to begin with, we ask why we feel constrained to acknowledge duties—quite ordinary duties which no one dreams of doubting—towards our fellow-countrymen. Because (so might our answer run) we recognize that the realization of their capacities for a truly human life constitutes the very substance of that moral ideal which we are imperatively

bound up to our powers to enact. This moral ideal, this plan of a good life, would become an impoverished and empty thing if it did not include in it the fullest practicable development of those capacities for a good life which we believe our fellow-countrymen to possess. And by the life they are enabled to live, no less than by the life we live ourselves, is the obligation to work for the moral ideal more fully satisfied.

Such, in skeleton statement, are the grounds of duties towards our fellow-countrymen. They involve the recognized authority of a moral ideal, the belief that this moral ideal is best realized through a common life in which all are sharers, and the conviction that what gives this common life the worth which can alone make it an adequate end of dutiful effort, is that the stuff of which it is made is the bettered and ever-bettering lives of our fellow-citizens.

If now we turn and ask if this line of justification applies to alleged duties to slave or savage, we are of course met by obvious differences. We manifestly do not stand related to slave or savage as we do to fellow-citizens; and of course it is easier to understand what is meant by a common good, in which all are sharers, when the community we are thinking of is the nation. Yet such admissions do not touch the central point. The ultimate grounds of duties to neighbor are likewise the ultimate grounds of duties, not so practicable, perhaps, but not less imperative to slave or savage. "They, too, have immortal souls," says the preacher. "They, too, have the capacity for happiness," says the utilitarian. "They, too," we venture to add, "have in them (unless, indeed, they be insane or abnormally depraved) the capacity for a good life." It is this capacity that at very least forbids us to treat them as brutes or chattels. It does more, it compels respect,—if not for what they are, at any rate for what they may have it in them to become. It does more still: it enjoins, as duty, conduct towards them which such respect dictates,—whether this be the meagre acknowledgment, which none but ruffians would repudiate, of the bare claim to life, or the more generous effort to bring into their lives, at least so far as they can receive it, that moral ideal of which they and we, after our diverse fashions,

are alike the servants. In this lies the reason why we dare not repudiate even our most distant duties. Allegiance to the moral ideal forbids it. For we cannot, without contradiction, be true to it and indifferent to the fate of those through whose development it may secure a fuller enactment. At very least, the citizen who would repudiate duties to slave or savage must pay a price. He must be prepared to shut his mouth in presence of those—if there be such—who would scout the duties to the helpless waifs and failures of our own land. For why do we care for *them*? Not because they are English; and not because we merely pity them (though pity does its work); but because we can see in them beings in whom there lives, it may be in deplorably obstructed mode, that principle of moral life whose realization we deem so momentous that we make it, in our own case, matter of imperative obligation. For it is not that a man is miserable that is the real evil of the world. It is that he is *obstructed*. This we know well in our own case in proportion as Duty speaks with imperative voice. And this is what reminds us that in every human failure, be it waif or outcast, slave or savage, that moral spirit which we seem to value above all else suffers one more defeat. There are times when we wonder that cosmopolitan ties should ever be called in question. They are the times when we see how the duties of man to man can survive the vices and the crimes which surely interpose more formidable barriers than race or country. If honest men refuse to give up the profligate and the scoundrel of their own people, it becomes less wonderful that they should acknowledge the bond to slave and savage.

If this be so, we need no longer hesitate as to whether Cosmopolitan Duty exists. If any duty exists, it exists. And the real question is wholly as to *possible enactment and articulation*.

The moment *this* question is raised difficulties emerge. For there is a natural order in the development of our duties. Burke formulated it when he declared that "no cold relation is a zealous citizen." And Coleridge—in this only reproducing Burke—went on to say that cosmopolitanism is not

possible but by antecedence of patriotism. There is reason in this. The duties, as well as the affections of life, are normally developed in those relationships of life that touch us in our familiar and habitual intercourse. It is by doing our ordinary duties that we first truly know and feel what duties are. And if a man for any reason neglects these duties, then whatever aspirations he may carry into the larger world, he will *not* carry the dutiful spirit trained, as it can alone be trained, in the definite daily service of the nearer relationships. Duty to mankind will mean *something*; but it will be poor and empty of meaning in comparison with what it can signify to him to whom it is eloquent of actual service to kith and kin, to friends, to neighbors, to fellow-citizens. This is part of the meaning of that homely gospel, against which cosmopolitan Mazzini protested,—“Do the duty that lies nearest to hand.” Do it *first*, at all events.

Hence that suspicion of the fraternity that rushes to welcome the more distant, unusual, more spectacular, possibly less exacting relationships. It has grounds. Who will say that he finds it easy to exhaust these homelier duties? And so long as this is so, is it not good economy of life's resources, is it not simple honesty with ourselves, to postpone the claims of foreigner or savage till, by better doing the duties that lie nearest to hand, we have graduated for the wider service of mankind at large? This is at the root of much written against philanthropy. For it is easy to suggest that it savors of cant, if the price of a wider duty glorified is a nearer duty neglected. “It is not to the West Indies that I run first of all,” says Carlyle, in his scoffing *Nigger Question*. “Oh, brothers! oh, sisters! it is for these white women that my heart bleeds and my soul is heavy.”

And yet this, though forcible enough, is not convincing.

1. From kin to kind, although the normal, is not the sole law of development. There are men so constituted that seemingly they must needs have distant enterprises or none. The very remoteness of the objects of their interest does but appeal the more to their helpfulness, just as within one's own country, by a strange law of moral attraction, some seem to

come nearer our good offices the further they recede in iniquity. A similar law holds in politics. "Where is liberty," said Franklin, "there is my country." Paine improved upon it,— "Where is not liberty, there is mine."

It would be a mistake to repress these crusaders of duty by insisting that they should first prove their quality in the narrower charities of life. Better that those who volunteer for these forlorn hopes of humanity should have no narrower ties to divide their allegiance, not even the ties of patriotism. We must not forget that Stoic citizenship of the world rose upon the collapse of the patriotic municipal state of Greece, and that Christianity, with its startling call, if need be, to hate father and mother, has been taxed with a sacrifice of political ties to the enthusiasm of humanity; or that the Universal Church, to which Christianity gave birth, has usually claimed an allegiance to which the ties of citizenship come second; or that Fraternity of the Revolution was proclaiming the brotherhood of man and guillotining Frenchmen at one and the same moment. There is such a thing as Cosmopolitanism by negation of patriotism.

2. It is more important still to realize that the service of mankind need by no means be postponed till our duties to our country are fulfilled. Quite the reverse. For if we have any claim to be loyal citizens of our country, it will be part of our citizenship to be already doing our best, through the habitual exercise of our political rights, to shape the policy of the nation in the interests of mankind. This was one of the leading ideas of Mazzini's life. For this great political saint of Italy never thought that in building up a free and united Italy he was engaged in a service that ended there. Cosmopolitan to the core, he believed that he was also forging an instrument for the service of mankind. The self-centred nation and the cosmopolitanism which (like that of Marx and the International Society) made light of the nation, were equally abhorrent to him. Nor was it even cosmopolitanism by antecedents of patriotism that could satisfy him. Nothing would satisfy him but cosmopolitanism *through the nation*.

Now it may well be that this mode of influence will not

suffice. For there will always be some—some of the salt of the earth—who will not rest satisfied with anything less than personal influence and action upon persons. And the true missionary spirit, hungry for “converting” souls, will stop at nothing less. Yet there are numerous ends, fruitful of benefit on a vast scale, which the organized strength of a nation may by its policy achieve. It is citizenship to work for these. It is citizenship to struggle for free trade and the opening of the ways of commerce; to work for peace; to champion, in public meeting or polling booth, the cause of oppressed and struggling peoples; to jealously watch, in Parliament and out of Parliament, the administration of great dependencies and protectorates; to support, by pen or word or vote, the policy that, by influence or annexation, brings law and justice into uncivilized territories, and substitutes peaceful commerce for cutting of throats. And the citizen who does these things, though he may never leave his own fireside, may be as genuinely cosmopolitan as the missionary who goes with his life in his hands to the ends of the earth.

This is what we too often fail to see. We are half-hearted in our cosmopolitanism. As individuals, we may recognize our obligations; we may satisfy ourselves, if we please, that they can be justified. But we are content with the idea or the sentiment, or with at most the ineffectual and desultory outlet of voluntary humanitarian agencies. And all the while there lies ready to hand a supreme instrument, through which, if rightly used, the destinies of whole tracts of the earth, with teeming populations, might be changed. Sometimes we awaken. We realize we have natural duties to Bulgarians or Armenians after they have been massacred, to Soudanese after they have been plundered and enslaved, to South Africans when they revolt, or East Africans when blood begins to flow; and we clamor then for national intervention. It is good that we should awaken, however late. But these ebullitions are too apt to be spasmodic, intermittent, sentimental. And they are so because there is a quite definite question we do not face, and on which there is no clear understanding among us. This question:—Is the citizen entitled to look

to the nation as the instrument through which, *as a matter of settled policy*, his cosmopolitan duties and sympathies are to find enactment? Yet this is the question we ought to put—and to answer in the affirmative.

This, however, is a view which, if it is to justify itself, must first dispose of two classes of opponents: the one, the apologists of national selfishness; the other, the advocates of non-intervention.

1. We need not make the apologists of national selfishness worse than they are. Let us therefore acquit them of the immoral dogma that it can be the end of any nation to exploit humanity for its own gain and glory. And let us tax them simply with the common enough notion that the scope of a nation's policy must needs be bounded within the circle of its own interests, and that the world beyond must be left to take its chance. Thus construed the policy of national selfishness has its apology. It often springs from nothing worse than the exaggeration of a maxim of prudence. For, in an international system which *de facto* rests less on Law and Morality than on Force, it is a counsel of prudence that no nation can afford to practise an unguarded selfishness. It must not recklessly embark upon costly crusades. For every generation receives the national civilization as a kind of trust. This it must guard. This it must hand on unimpaired, remembering that there is no one else to guard it; remembering, too, that there are foes (self-willed despots, irritable republics, and such like) against whom it needs to be guarded. No nation is worthy of the name if it have not sufficient faith in itself to believe that its self-conservation is essential to civilization.

This has force, and for a weak and menaced nation overwhelming force. But how miserable the plight of such a people! For either it must stifle in its citizens those cosmopolitan sympathies which are, in essence, as well grounded as duties to kith and kin, or it must leave them to find nothing beyond the meagre, precarious, fitful, ineffectual outlets of private effort. Meanwhile the rest of the world is not idle. History is making itself. Other peoples, some for good and some for evil, are shaping for centuries to come the destinies

of millions of the civilized and uncivilized world while it—this nation without a mission—sits still in impotence.

It may be doubted if any strong nation would as a matter of fact consent to this. Certainly it ought not to consent to it. For on the one hand it is bound to recognize in the cosmopolitan aspirations of its citizens one of the most justifiable of all the fruits of its civilization; and on the other, with every increment of power, it is bound to accept responsibilities which it cannot evade, for shaping the destinies of mankind far beyond its own boundaries. By all means let it pay its tribute to prudence, and when it takes a risk (it may be in espousing trampled or struggling freedom, or in annexing a dependency, founding a colony, proclaiming a sphere of influence) let it discount possible failure, and take securities that it is not staking too much on any single throw. "Burning its boats" is folly in a nation. This done, let it stand in and take its share in shaping the future of the world, thereby at once satisfying and educating those cosmopolitan instincts and duties which are not to be quenched so long as one moral law is above all. The real question is, How is this to be done?

2. This brings us to the non-interventionists. Non-interventionists are not to be confused with the apologists of national selfishness. In their typical representatives—in Cobden, for example—nothing can be more manifest than that, in sympathy and conscience, they are genuinely cosmopolitan. Men scoffed at Cobden's ideal as the Calico Millennium of a bagman; but nicknames will not hide the fact that he certainly believed himself to be proclaiming nothing less than a gospel of civilization.

"It is because I do believe that the principle of free trade is calculated to alter the relations of the world for the better that I bless God I have been allowed to take a prominent part in its advocacy."

"Free Trade! What is it? Why, breaking down the barriers that separate nations; those barriers behind which nestle the feelings of pride, revenge, hatred, and jealousy, which every now and then burst their bounds and deluge whole countries with blood."

The characteristic note of non-interventionists is therefore, not any lack of cosmopolitan ideas, nor any failure to urge

that the nation's policy ought to be the world's gain. What really marks them is their own peculiar doctrine as to the way in which a nation can act upon the world with most effect.

There is but one way (so they will have it),—that way of peaceful, industrial, and commercial example, upon whose ultimate efficacy as a civilizing agency Cobden believed more than upon all that could be done by diplomacy, with fleets and armies at its back. "Peace at any price," said scoffing critics. No, unless it be this, to declare one's readiness—as Cobden did—to vote, under certain contingencies, one hundred million pounds for the navy. Not peace at any price, but *non-intervention* at any price. This was absolute. We are to preach free trade to the nations that sit in economic darkness; we are to make treaties with them if we can bring them to make treaties with us. We are to refuse to subscribe to war loans, "loans for the cutting of throats," if we can convert the Stock Exchange. We are to establish arbitration in international affairs, if behind our courts there be no force or threat of force. There we must stop. Happen what may, not a ship nor a man must go. If trade is still to follow the flag, it must be the flag of cheapness, no other flag. If a despot annex a free country, if a great power absorb a little one, if one-half of a republic is spending its best blood in driving slavery out of the other half at the point of the bayonet, and so forth, it is all the same. Be our sympathies what they may, we must go to our counting-houses, our mills, our yards, and foundries, and talk and argue. What we must never do is to intervene.

It looks like rank national selfishness,—none the more attractive, perhaps, in that there are cosmopolitan professions in the background. Yet it is not this. In Cobden, at least, there is no taint of insincerity in his cosmopolitanism; because it was with him a conviction, built on a large knowledge of economic fact, that a great industrial and commercial nation, if only it had self-control enough to hold its hands from intervention, would, in the long run, best act on the world as a shining example of national prosperity; whilst its neighbors, no matter in how just an intervention, were, like magnified

prodigals, squandering their toil-won wealth upon what Bentham called "mischief on the largest scale." Add to this the reminder that intervention is, in the nature of things, so precarious a course. "There are two things we confound," says Cobden, "when we talk of intervention in foreign affairs. The intervention is easy enough, but the power to accomplish the object is another thing." It is not timidity. He does not fear that a strong nation need encounter defeat. What he fears is half victory, bought at the price of dissatisfied ambition, depleted exchequer, dislocated trade, and a suffering and mourning people.

This is the pith of the case, which is, of course, in the main, an economic argument. But there are two further considerations,—one moral and one theological,—and they play so considerable a part in some minds still that we must not pass them over. One is that the hands of no nation are clean enough to entitle it to stand forth as the armed champion of humanity. The other is one of those vast metaphysical assumptions in which practical men so often lightly indulge,—none other than that God is over all, and that to Him alone appertains the power and the responsibility of regulating the affairs and righting the wrongs and miseries of other nations and peoples.

From all this the whole duty of the citizen emerges clear enough: to work by all agencies for the national well-being; to lift his eyes likewise, like this inspired world's-bagman, to the well-being of mankind, in the belief that through the conquering influences of peaceful trade and of national example the Divine Ruler of the world will somehow extract from the self-seeking of nations a higher harmony; and that thereby our cosmopolitan aspirations will find realization fuller far than by intervention, however righteous, however resolute.

None but a fire-eater would deny value to this doctrine. When a nation has, for good or for evil, been industrialized and commercialized to the core, it can ill afford, by waste of wealth or growth of debt, to weight itself in that race with rivals for markets upon which not only its economic system but all that is built thereupon has come to rest. Non-interventionism has proved that armed intervention is, at least for

the time being, commercially a bad bargain. "I thank God," once said Cobden, "we live in a time when it is impossible for Englishmen ever to make war profitable." The most righteous intervention is here on the same level as the most flagitious aggression. There is a price to pay,—a price in wealth subtracted from production; a heavier price in reform arrested and domestic progress thrown back, it may be, for generations.

It does not follow, however, that non-intervention, though it carries this truth, is the whole truth. At very lowest one may doubt if it is practicable. There comes a time when a people, if strong in their cosmopolitan sympathies, which non-interventionists themselves encourage, cannot as a matter of fact be held back. This being so, it is part of all real statesmanship to provide for such contingency. Perhaps the most deplorable fate that can overtake a statesman is, in blindness to the strength of international sympathies, to prepare for non-intervention only to find himself thrust by a *vis à tergo* into that intervention for which his country is all unready. Non-interventionists who quicken our sympathies for mankind, as Cobden does, must remember that, like incapable conjurers, they may be evoking forces to devour themselves.

One may further doubt if the cosmopolitan conscience could actually find untroubled rest in this policy of peaceful national example, however admirable. For the worst of this doctrine of civilization through national example is that it seems so admirably fitted to secure the non-intervention of the nations that ought to intervene, and the intervention of those that ought not to intervene. If only the gospel of Cobden were taken to heart by the rapacious master of legions, or the predatory leader of political brigands! But it is to secure their non-intervention that Manchester principles seem so impotent. Preaching will not secure it, nor example, however prosperous (if, indeed, this do not beget malignant envy), nor denunciation of loans for the cutting of throats, nor sanctionless courts of arbitration. Nothing will secure it short of the armed hostility, actual or threatened, of those less selfish powers which, however passionate their cosmopolitan sym-

pathies, are forbidden by Cobdenites to intervene at all. How is Justice, how is even Peace, ever to be safeguarded, if it be not by a league of powers federated to repress the brigand nations, if need be by force of arms? Hardly could our cosmopolitan sympathies find satisfaction in a policy which would be, in point of fact, a guarantee of impunity to ambition and rapacity.

Nor need a great nation be stayed from intervention by any or all of the doubts that Cobden throws on its fitness for the task. If he taunts it that its record is not clean enough, the answer is that it is by intervention in a righteous cause, rather than by the humiliating acceptance of acknowledged depravity, that the uncleanest of records is best expiated. If he argues that in the perplexities, legal and moral, which beset all international action, a nation and its government are not wise enough to be trusted to choose a side, there would be much in this were it perfect wisdom that were needed. But the issues of this world can seldom be formulated as absolute wisdom *versus* folly. And many a time a power is fully justified in intervening, not so much by its own wisdom as by the greater unwisdom of its neighbor.

Least of all is it possible to find any real satisfaction in that theological optimism that tells us all will be right with the world if only Providence be left to regulate, after its own fashion, the destinies of nations. There is an odd motto on the title-page of Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets": "Then," said his Lordship, "well, God mend all! Nay, by God, Donald, we must help him to mend it." The words may sound irreverent; but they contain a truer philosophy of History than the soothing dogma of Cobden; for if, indeed, there is in history a Providence which disposes the nations by some dimly discernible divine tactic, it is none the less *through the actions of men and nations* that its purposes are wrought out. So it has been from the beginning. "Do you suppose," asks Cobden, "that the Almighty has given to this country, or to any country, the power and the responsibility of regulating the affairs and remedying the evils of other countries?" May an answer not be found in the bolder, but not less reverent

declaration that "the history of the world is the judgment of the world," and that by consequence the world will run a risk of never being "judged" at all, if nations shut their eyes to these responsibilities which seem, as a matter of fact, to be inseparable from the trust of power. In saying this, it is not necessary to hold a brief for the perfect righteousness of any nation; in the tangle of national concerns, interests, and ambitions, it is not justice that is done; only at best some approximation to justice. Nor need we look for perfect national wisdom; for this is what no form of constitution known to man has hitherto sufficed to elicit from the rivalries of parties, the policies of diplomatists, or the schemes of autocrats. There are likewise—as has freely been admitted—counsels of prudence. And, indeed, it may well be that when a nation has expanded into an empire with colonies, dependencies, protectorates, and spheres of influence, it may find a large and acknowledged field for cosmopolitan duty within its own limits. Long, and on the whole successful, intervention may then furnish one of the strongest arguments for non-intervention.

Yet, when all is said, a keen sense of cosmopolitan duty—grounded as this is in fundamental ethical fact—is at once one of the most elevating and the most justifiable attributes of a free citizen. And a great empire like ours, gathering into a political unity men of the most diverse races, creeds, ideas, characters, civilizations, savageries, is the greatest school of cosmopolitanism the world has ever seen. There has been nothing like it for educating those sympathies and obligations which, in Bentham's words, have "limits none other than those of the habitable globe." For though these duties to mankind may seem to be far enough away from the door of the hard-driven artisan or the agricultural hand, this is only because for them, as for many more favorably placed than they, enactment may seem so impracticable. Yet for them, and for every citizen of a great country, enactment—enactment that takes the most practical form of shaping the destinies of millions—becomes possible from the day when the organized force of the nation is recognized as the supreme

instrument for the civilization of the world. Not a perfect instrument by any means; for it is still in the process of making. But it is no part of human wisdom to hold our hand till we can find perfect instruments. Better for the citizen himself, better for mankind, to resolutely use the nation with all its imperfections than to decline upon the alternative,—the alternative of first feeding our cosmopolitan conscience upon the words of preacher, novelist, poet, orator, political reformer, and then, when it comes to action, saving ourselves from impotence only by recourse to the difficult, distant, limited ways (glorious as they are to those who walk in them) of private missionary or other civilizing work.

A further point remains. The nation, it has been admitted, is far from perfect, and its imperfections may take the form of going wrong. It may ally itself with the enemies of freedom, or become an enemy of freedom itself. What is the citizen to do then, when he finds every cosmopolitan instinct and obligation at variance with national policy? Is he, *e.g.*, to refuse to meet a war tax, or decline to pay his taxes, or even to lay down his citizenship and go forth to find a new country?

This is, of course, a question of political casuistry. And it is in the nature of casuistry that, as the issues or problems are of necessity exceptional cases, their solution is not to be found in any mere application of general principles. Each must be discussed on its own merits. And, with the remembrance of the infinite ingenuity of the casuistical mind in devising exceptional cases, it would be rash to affirm that a citizen is *never* justified in even laying down his citizenship in the name of what he believes to be the highest obligation to mankind. This granted, it is as well to add that, however strong the wider obligations, there are weighty reasons why the citizen should not sit lightly to his duties to his country, even when he may think that it is taking the wrong side.

For it is only by the undeviating, the unwearied loyalty which presents a solid front to the world, that any nation, in an international system where weakness of internal division may quickly invite the encroachment of unscrupulous force, can hope to stand secure. It must be able to count upon the

service of even the most cosmopolitan of its sons. There are, at any rate, possibilities that ought to be exhausted before recourse to that dire alternative of civic suicide. One is the use of every art of persuasion and loyal agitation to arrest the course of a mistaken policy. This surely our country has a right to demand. A second is that, even if persuasions and agitations fail, it does not follow that the citizen's duty is to break with his country. There is a passage in which the greatest of our political thinkers is discussing this very subject. He is asking if a man should ever abandon his country, even in the hour of its infatuation. "Do me the justice to believe," is his answer, "that I never can prefer any fastidious virtue (virtue still) to the unconquered perseverance, to the affectionate patience of those who watch day and night by the bedside of their delirious country; who, for the love to that dear and venerated name, bear all the disgusts and all the buffets they receive from their frantic mother."

Why should a man do this?

One answer is that it is human to recoil from the rupture of ties to the fatherland in which we have been cradled and nurtured. A second is that the inheritance upon which the humblest citizen of a great nation enters is so rich, and so irreplaceable, that it is not lightly to be renounced. But there is a third answer,—not exclusive of the other two,—and we may find it in the conviction that, just in proportion as the cosmopolitan spirit is passionate and rational, the citizen will see in the nation in which his lot has been cast the supreme instrument, forged in the long and painful process of historical development, through which he can act effectively and with far-reaching results, upon the destinies of mankind. For his allegiance to it may well endure many a disgust and many a buffet, many a diplomatic blunder and many an administrative folly, if meanwhile he can feed the hope that in the long run, through its policy, in which as a free citizen he plays his obscure but not ignoble part, Justice, which some call divine, may be less imperfectly done upon earth.

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